

OLIVE'S TWO LOVERS.

We were very fond of Tom, and when he first hung out his sign, "Thomas Winchester, M. D.," we stood behind the shutters to see the commotion it must naturally cause.

But people, as a general thing, are very stupid; they looked over and under and around it, as if it were not there at all. And not a person entered the poor boy's office for a week.

But one day an elegant carriage was driven to the door, from which a young lady of striking appearance alighted, and I ran in great excitement to tell mother:

"Tom has a patient now worth having," I cried. "A lady in a splendid carriage. Perhaps she fell in love with him somewhere (I was only nineteen). Think how romantic."

"Some stuck up thing, I suppose," Olive said, with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders.

"Really!" I exclaimed. "You had better not be so hasty in your judgments—certainly not 'till you know a little more than you do now."

Olive Sargent had been taken into the family when quite small simply on account of her eyes, which indicated, mother thought, remarkable genius. But the genius did not develop, for she was a perfect ignoramus, with nothing unusual about her, except her brown eyes and her skill in using them.

Miss Seymour proved a valuable patient. She invited Tom to meet people of standing and influence, and his genial manners won him many desirable friends. My sister Lucy and I made the most audacious plans, but we could not mention the young lady's name before Olive without bringing a scowl to her brow, for the little simpleton really had the presumption to be jealous, and about this time a very eligible young man commenced paying her marked attentions, but she treated him with all the airs and caprices of an experienced flirt.

"You ought to be ashamed of such conduct," I said to her one day. "Mr. Lamson is worthy of the most superior woman and you might feel greatly flattered by his attentions. If you do not love him why do you encourage his visits?"

"Do you want me to marry him?" she asked.

"You certainly will not have many such chances," I replied.

"Does Tom want me to marry him?"

"Of course he does. He has a very high opinion of Mr. Lamson, and knows you could not make a better match—if you intend to marry at all."

"Then I shall accept him. I always knew I should like the man I married."

And she flounced out of the room, scowling fearfully.

"How queer she is," Lucy said. "I never did like such odd girls in real life. They do well enough in stories."

"I shall be glad when she marries," I rejoined.

And soon afterward she announced her engagement to Mr. Lamson.

"There is some one that cares for me anyway," she said. "Tell Tom I have accepted the man he is so crazy to have me marry."

I did not deliver the ungracious message, but when I told my brother of the engagement I saw him catch his breath, as if very much moved.

"Little Olive engaged!" he said. "I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Little Olive is twenty years old," I replied, "and I supposed you would be pleased. Mr. Lamson is such a fine young man."

"Oh, yes; he is to be congratulated."

"She is the one to be congratulated," I answered quickly. "Such a baby as she is, and oh, Tom, she is so selfish!"

"You are very hard, Lillian, where Olive is concerned. Remember that she has had nothing to try her. She may prove quite a heroine yet."

"But, my dear brother, just compare her with Miss Seymour."

"They are entirely different in their natures and dispositions."

"I should think so."

"Then Miss Seymour is several years older, to begin with, and having been left an orphan at an early age she has acquired a great deal of self reliance and character."

"You like and admire her very much, Tom, do you not?"

"Yes, Lillian. She has been the kindest of friends, and I owe her more than I can possibly repay. She will be married soon."

"What!" I fairly gasped, all my beautiful air castles shattered in a moment. "Is she engaged?"

"Certainly. But what is the matter, dear? You look as if some one had struck you."

"Nothing—nothing," I answered feebly as I turned to leave the room, my heart sinking still lower when I heard him repeating to himself, "Little Olive engaged!"

I went as usual to my mother for consolation, and throwing myself upon the door beside her, I cried:

"Oh, mother, mother, Tom is not going to be engaged to that lovely Miss Seymour after all. And worse still, I believe he is in love with Olive—of all persons in the world. Think of it!"

"What do you mean, Lillian?" mother demanded, with a look of unqualified horror.

"It is so, mother, I am sure."

"Well, if I had ever dreamed of such a denouement, I never would have taken the child into my family. But what makes you think the boy is in love with her?"

"He just told me that Miss Seymour will soon be married to some one else. And he seems so shocked and depressed because Olive is engaged to Mr. Lamson. I cannot be mistaken—and such a wife for Tom!"

At that moment Olive entered the room, looking gloomy and pouting.

"My dear," mother asked, "when does your lover wish to be married?"

"A good deal sooner than I do," she answered testily.

"I do not believe in long engagements," mother continued, "and I consider you a very fortunate girl to have

won the love of a man like Mr. Lamson. Still!"

"Oh, if you are tired of me, of course!"

"You ungrateful little thing!" I exclaimed.

"Hush, Lillian!" my mother said reprovingly. "Olive, have I ever done anything to hurt your feelings or cause you unhappiness?"

"No, you and Tom have always been nice, but the girls do not like me one bit, I know."

"We like you when you do not scowl in that dreadful manner—and are not odd and queer!"

"I cannot help the way I am made."

"But you were not made in that way. There is no need of your acting so strangely. However, if I have been unjust I am sorry."

I was not at all surprised when a few days afterward Lucy entered my room in great excitement; but my fears were realized.

"Oh, Lillian," my sister cried, "Olive has been taking laudanum, and!"

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed. "You are not deluded by the little amateur Bernhard, I hope!"

"But she is on the bed unconscious."

"Just call Tom, and then see how unconscious she is!"

"Lillian, you are just as hard hearted as you can be! She looks as white as the sheet she is lying on."

"Call Tom and she will soon get her color."

She did as I told her, and we all went to her room together, Lucy and Tom very much agitated, but I myself, feeling irritated and impatient.

"Stop a moment!" I said, holding the others back. "I want to speak to her first, Olive!"

There was not the slightest movement in response to my call.

Galatea was not more statue-like before her awakening.

Then Tom whispered in tremulous accents:

"Olive, my little Olive!"

It was the working of a miracle.

At the first sound of his voice her eyes opened as if involuntarily, and she rolled them up to him with the look of a seeraph.

"There!" I said to Lucy, and a more disgusted young woman was never seen.

But Tom was not the first man duped by a pair of melting brown eyes, and he succumbed helplessly.

Kneeling by the side of the bed, he asked in a reproachful way:

"Why did you do this, my child, why did you do it?"

"Because I do not want to marry Mr. Lamson," she answered pitifully.

"You shall not marry him if you do not want to, my darling."

"But they said you wanted me to accept him."

"I want you to accept a man you do not care for? No, indeed, I love you too well for that."

"Do you love me, Tom; do you love me?"

"Better than my life, little Olive."

"And I love you a hundred times better than any Mr. Lamson."

"My darling!" Tom cried rapturously, while I gnashed my teeth in impotent fury.

I could not contain myself, however, and approached the bed.

"That is all very interesting," I said, "but what do you suppose Mr. Lamson will think of it?"

"Lillian," Tom replied, with a determined look upon his face, "no man was fonder of a sister than I am, but I will not allow even you to interfere between me and the woman I love."

For the first time in my life I was really angry with him, but I only answered by a look; and if my eyes were not so seraphic, they were quite as expressive as Olive's. Then I went toward the door, but the dear fellow followed me, and throwing his arms around my waist he cried:

"You are not angry, sister, are you?"

"Oh, Tom," I said—"poor boy—poor boy!"

And trying hard to keep back my tears, I left him with his darling.

The next day that young lady had the audacity to ask if I would see Mr. Lamson, who had just called.

"Oh," I exclaimed. You wish to get rid of a disagreeable duty, do you?"

"He'll tease me to marry him, and I never want to see the man again."

"Very well," I said. "I will see him; but it is on his account, not yours."

And I descended to the parlor with my heart aching for the lover whose fondest hopes had been so cruelly blasted.

I grew more and more agitated, and when I opened the parlor door my face must have betrayed me.

Mr. Lamson extended his hand and asked quite coolly:

"Is Olive sick?"

"No," I replied, "but I have an unpleasant duty to fulfill. Oh, Mr. Lamson, if my sympathy!"

"I think I understand," he said, in a manner so utterly undisturbed that I looked at him in amazement. "You are surprised," he continued, "but Olive has not behaved in a proper or womanly manner. I was greatly deceived. She has the eyes of an angel, but her caprices are anything but angelic. My patience was nearly exhausted, especially as I think she prefers your brother to me. Indeed, she almost said so. But I assure you that your sympathy is fully appreciated."

Then he turned the subject, and we spent a very pleasant evening. I had always liked Mr. Lamson.

He continued to call as frequently as ever, seeming to appreciate my sympathy more and more, especially when it changed into the tenderest love.

And he soon convinced me that it was merely a passing fancy he had felt for Olive.

There was a double wedding, and, although several years have passed, Tom is as much in love with his wife as ever. He is successful and prosperous, enjoying his prosperity, yet when we speak of him to each other we always say, with a sigh:

"Poor Tom!"—Chicago Press.

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SURPLUS, by former N. Y. Standard. 3,545,792.05
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An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Bonds and mortgages \$158,400.00
Real Estate 3,000.00
U. S. and other bonds 31,384.00
Interest due and accrued 4,040.08
Office furniture, etc. 500.00
Cash in bank and office 19,975.97

LIABILITIES.
Due depositors (including interest) \$200,367.94
Surplus 17,531.66

Interest is credited to depositors on the first day of January and July in each year for the three and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

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